

THE WORLD OVER

GERMAN EMBARGO ON ARMS

Germany acceded to French proposals for non-interference in Spanish civil war on Monday by declaring an immediate embargo on the shipment of arms to either of the Spanish factions.

EARLY START ON SISTER SHIP TO SEA QUEEN MARY SEEN

Clydebank—Construction on the Queen Mary's sister ship, which British shipping circles believe will become the world's largest and fastest liner, is expected to start here early this fall.

FLATTERS EXECUTED MONDAY

MOSCOW—Sixteen men convicted of a plot to overthrow Dictator Joseph Stalin and the Soviet government have been executed, it was officially announced on Monday of this week.

MONEY EXTORTIONIST WARNED

Just as Christ drove the money changers from the temple, so the government of the Province of Alberta might be forced to use the "constitutional whip" on those who were at present extorting money from the people, Premier Aberhart told a Thanksgiving service of the Calgary Protestant Bible Institute in Victoria Park Sunday afternoon. More than 10,000 people sat in the grand stand or stood in front of it to take part in the anniversary service of the Provincial Social Credit victory.

DOMINION TO AID IN THE WEST

OTTAWA—Conditions created by successive dry spells in southern Saskatchewan and Alberta have created a national problem which will be recognized as such by the government, Finance Minister Charles Dunning announced this week. "It has been demonstrated to our satisfaction that this is a national emergency, the cost of which must be borne largely by the people of Canada as a whole," Mr. Dunning declared.

PEACE RIVER CROP IS LARGE

EDMONTON—Biggest average crop on the north side of the Peace River district in the past 25 years is being harvested, stated W. J. Lampley, M.L.A. for that riding who arrived here to attend the special session of the legislature opening Tuesday.

COOL WEATHER WITH RAIN DELAYS THE HARVEST

The past week has been cool with scattered showers almost daily and the damp weather has delayed threshing in the district, where there is sufficient crop to thresh.

JUST THE THING FOR COOL NIGHTS

MEN'S SPORT JACKETS, Plain or Bi Swing Backs, Sizes 36 to 44

BOYS' CORD RIDING BREEKES, \$1.85

MEN'S RIDING BREEKES, Fawn or grey stripe, per pair \$3.25

GREG H. TOPS—COME IN AND SEE THEM

THE FARMERS' EXCHANGE

THE RED & WHITE STORE

"Daddy," exclaimed the little boy. "One more question then," sighed the father. "Only One." "How far is it?" inquired the little tot, "between to and fro?"

PROCURE YOUR SCHOOL NEEDS NOW

Our Scribbles and Exercise Books are made up to our specifications by the manufacturer, thus assuring you of the best value at the price. COMPARE OUR VALUES

SPECIAL—A real lead pencil of English manufacture with a five-cent clip attached. Both for 5c

McKIBBIN'S DRUG STORE

A.F. McKibbin, PHM. B., Prescription Specialist, CARBON, ALTA.

VOLUME 16; NUMBER 30

TAKE THIRTEEN INNINGS TO DECIDE WINNER IN THE BASEBALL GAME SUNDAY

In a tight game of baseball played at the local diamond on Sunday, August 25, the Carbon team went down to defeat in a 13 inning game by a 4-3 score.

The Rockford team took a 3-4 lead in the first three innings and held it for 8 innings before the Carbon team made a score. In the ninth, the local boys made three runs to tie it up and force the game into overtime. The next three innings were scoreless.

In the first half of the thirteenth, Rockford scored one run through an error. The Carbon team had two men on base in their half of the thirteenth but failed to score.

Bake Mathers pitched excellent ball for Carbon, striking out 25 men but still could not win the game. Bert Gibson, for Rockford, struck out 11 men but was well supported in the field.

Lineup of teams:

Rockford: H. Wilson, Gibson, Rudy Sangster, Bill, Roppie, J. Wilson Brown and Williams.

Carbon: Ramsey, Woods, Trepalier, Mathers, Watt, Nash, Twiss, McCrady and Moodie.

Rockford 201 000 000 000 1—3

Carbon 000 000 000 000 0—4

WINTER BROTHERS PLAN MANY IMPROVEMENTS

The firm of Winter Bros. Funeral Home, which was recently taken over solely by Mr. G.E. Winters of Drumheller, plan many improvements, according to information received by the Carbon Chronicle this week.

Mr. Winters advises that their connection in the Carbon district will be retained and with this end in view they are putting in a line of different motor equipment. They have already in service a Packard eight sedan and a balance fully equipped and ready to provide efficient courteous service day and night. They are also having a Packard eight limousine frame added to their equipment and it will be ready in about six weeks. This new equipment will be of a standard unit carried anywhere in Alberta.

Grab Her

The modern woman probably knows more about universal joints, transmissions, and differentials than she does about making a good cake or pie. Lacking a cook or seeing the right-sized buttons on the right place on a man's pants, but if you happen to find one who knows both, grab her, my son—you have a winner. —Trenton Advocate.

SCHOOL OPENS SEPTEMBER 1ST

Announcement has been made that the fall term of the Carbon school commences this year on Tuesday, September 1st.

There will only be one change on the teaching staff, Miss Bell being the new teacher of the primary room. Mr. Ramsey will again teach Room 11, Mr. Macdonald Room 11, and Mr. Ritchie the High School grades.

It is expected that a number of beginners will start this term and the enrolment will be close to 200 pupils.

REV. WM. MCNICHOE WRITES FROM ST. JOHN

Mr. H. N. Elliott has received a letter from Rev. Wm. McNichol who with Mrs. McNichol is holidaying at St. John, N.B.

Mr. McNichol says in part: "It is a little over a month since we left home and we have seen a great variety of country and conditions. The first day we travelled 372 miles and all the way the scenes were more depressing and discouraging. In many places we saw nothing but barnyard; in others we saw cutting and ploughing with moving machines, the grain being very short, not a foot high in most places and brown—no doubt all succulents dried out of it, and where it was cut very little behind.

The second day we passed Moose Jaw and conditions began to improve and as we crossed the Manitoba boundary we saw little to complain of. We reached Winnipeg in the evening, having travelled 366 miles that day and Mrs. McNichol was among old friends.

The second evening a large crowd gathered to ask questions and hear first hand information re Aberhart and Social Credit. We reluctantly consented to give attention to what had been seen and heard. The meeting lasted for two hours and we know many who had intended to vote S. C. changed their minds. Many of them were angry to see it so milky.

The next day we went north and east and stopped at Mankin where Mrs. McNichol's brother-in-law and grown family live. We left Margaret there and motored to Winnipeg and left the car, taking the train for Port Arthur. We took the C.N.R. boat to Sarnia, thence Toronto, Montreal and reached St. John three weeks ago today (August 16). We took the C.N.R. boat Tuesday morning (Aug. 18) and will visit along the way in Montreal, Ottawa and Winnipeg and come back home through Saskatoon, Alaska, etc.

"I know the quaintness of this old city of perhaps 60,000 would interest you greatly. It is built on a rock and is surrounded by water on all streets and very few straight ones. Some of them are so steep you have to lean backwards going down and rest many times climbing up. Many of them are cut through solid rock. The harbor is wonderful. The reverend Falls is one of nature's wonders. The water falls out seaward when the tide is falling, and it falls against the great St. John river when the tide is rising. It is a raging torrent no matter which way the water flows. There is a period both at low and high tide when the water is quiet.

"The trips are exceptional. Hay, oats, and roots the best for many years; also small fruits. The beauty of the scenery is beyond my powers to describe.

"Tell my old friends that I think of them all but am writing one for all."

ONE MILLION TIME PIECES MADE ANNUALLY IN CANADA

Over one million alarm clocks and otherwise are made in Canada each year, which means something over 4500 every working day, according to an article entitled "Making Time" which appears in the August issue of the "C.G.I. Oval". Not all these clocks are made in Canada as a large part of them are shipped to different parts of the Empire, and the Canadian factory of the Western Clock Company at Peterborough, Ontario, might be considered one of the most important influences in waking up the Empire each morning. In an ordinary year there are some 400 parts of some of them no larger than a bread-crum, yet turned out by machinery with infinitesimal exactitude.

BAG LIMITS ON GAME BIRDS HAVE BEEN REDUCED; NO SEASON ON PRAIRIE CHICK

Alberta's shooting season opens on September 1 for ducks and geese, north of the Clearwater and Athabasca rivers and for bear, mountain sheep and mountain goat, according to the new regulations announced by J. A. Hutton, Game Commissioner.

The regulations show that bag limits for ducks and geese have been reduced, while the license fee for residents of Alberta to hunt big game is increased from \$1 to \$2.

North of the Clearwater and Athabasca rivers, duck shooting will be permitted from September 1 to October 31, this period being two weeks shorter than last year.

South of the Clearwater and Athabasca rivers, the duck shooting season is from September 15 to November 14.

The seasons for geese are the same as for ducks, rails, coots and Wilson snipe.

This year there is a close season on prairie chicken, while it is continuing in quail, snipe, pheasants and ptarmigan.

For Hungarian partridge south of the North Saskatchewan river, the shooting season is from October 1 to November 30. Last year the season opened on September 15.

Deer, moose and caribou may be shot from November 3 to December 14, the period being the same as last year.

No change is made in the season for mountain sheep, which season opens September 1, while of course female bears and cubs are protected at all times.

Elk shooting season is from October 1 to December 14. Special licenses are required in the Pembina, Brazeau and adjacent reserves.

The bag limit for geese is five a day just half of what it was before, with a maximum of 25 for the season. The bag limit for ducks is reduced from 15 to 12 per day and 100 for the season.

For Hungarian partridge, the bag limit is 15 per day and 200 for the season.

Under the regulations, the hunter of big game must be clothed in coat and cap of scarlet material.

It is unlawful to have a loaded gun or rifle of any kind or to shoot big game or game birds on Sunday. Night is it legal to kill big game under one year of age or with horns less than four inches in length. Use of dogs in hunting big game is prohibited.

For Hungarian partridge, the bag limit is 15 per day and 200 for the season.

LAST OF WEDNESDAY HALF-HOLIDAYS FOR THE SEASON

The weekly Wednesday half-holidays, in force during the months of May, June, July and August, were brought to a close yesterday and for the next eight months the stores in Carbon will remain open all day on Wednesday.

ROSS THORBURN FINDS A LARGE SPEAR HEAD

Ross Thorburn was fortunate in finding a large Indian spear head in the vicinity of Hesketh last week. The head is the finest that has been seen or found in this part of the country and measured five and one-half inches in length. It was made of stone.

STRANGE USES ANIMALS HAVE FOR THEIR TAILS

Tails are not always the useless appendages they seem to be a causal pain. For instance, the lovely "beauty" of the squirrel. Apart from the charm it imparts to its wearer, the squirrel's tail can be converted into a very useful weapon.

When chased by some predatory animal and finding itself hard pressed, the squirrel will often make his escape by stuffing the bushy tail in the eyes of the foe, and thus causing him to pause for a moment. When the pursuer can see clearly again, the squirrel is out of its reach. The squirrel also has other uses for his tail. It is a useful balancing pole when the rodent has to cross a very thin, slippery branch. In winter it is a blanket to keep out cold.

The tail of the beaver is used as an alarm gun. When an enemy is sighted, the loud sound of the flat tail smacking the surface of the water is warning to every beaver to scamper into the river and dive to safety. The beaver also finds his tail an excellent rudder to keep in a swift current.

The kangaroo's thick and heavy tail makes a fine seat. When he wishes to rest it makes a tripod to sit on, after the fashion of the sportsman's shooting stick.

One of the boldest tails in the animal kingdom belongs to the anteater. He uses his great bush as a muskadee, curling the massive fan-shaped plume over his back.

Many tails are used to keep off irritating insects, like those of the horse and cattle. But some animals have such more analogous for tails that they cannot be of any service at all. Nature has left the elephant and the lynx mere scraps of tails, while the porcupine and the Australian wombat have none at all.

Buy Your Needs in Carbon!

FALSE ECONOMY

Many car owners are operating their vehicle year after year without keeping them in proper repair, believing that by so doing they are saving money. This is false economy. Sooner or later repairs have to be made, and if made developments along the roadside these repairs may be costly.

Your car must be kept up to give efficient service. Let us check it over now and put it in shape for fall and winter use.



CARRETT MOTORS

S. J. GARRETT, Proprietor

ANNOUNCING THE ARRIVAL OF THE NEW 1937 WESTINGHOUSE RADIOS

YOU WILL BE THRILLED BY THE PERFORMANCE OF THESE NEW SETS

All sets have new type speakers. Battery sets are more economical on batteries than ever before. Greater sensitivity—world-wide reception.

COME IN FOR A DEMONSTRATION

Battery Models from \$52.50 to \$129.00

Electric Sets from \$15.50 up

2 1/2" FULL CUTOFF FRESH BURGESS BATTERIES 5c

BUILDERS' HARDWARE STORES LTD.

CARBON'S LEADING HARDWARE

AARON KLASSEN, Manager PHONE 3 CARBON, ALTA.

Every 10c Packet of **WILSON'S FLY PADS** WILL KILL MORE FLIES THAN SEVERAL DOLLARS WORTH OF OTHER INSECTICIDE KILLS

10c WHY PAY MORE Best of all fly killers. Clean, quick, sure, cheap. Ask your Drug, Grocer or General Store. THE WILSON FLY PAD CO., HAMILTON, ONT.

Thou Shalt Not Love

— A NOVEL BY —
GEORGIA GRAIG

CHAPTER III.—Continued

She watched her father fade, day by day. The physician who had known Ellison all his life, who had brought Starr into the world, was plainly baffled. There was nothing organically wrong with Professor Ellison. Weakness, caused by exposure in the desert, the doctor called it tentatively.

It was after the funeral that Starr remembered how kindly the doctor had eyed her.

"You don't look any too well yourself, Starr," the doctor had told her, concerningly. "You're like a shadow. Better let me prescribe something for you."

"No! No!" Starr wheeled around in a panic. "What did he mean? Did he think she was ill? Crazy thoughts raced through her mind.

"Thou, and thy children—" John Lessing's voice came to her, Ellison. "I'll get you, too—and Starr."

She cried desperately to herself: "No, I shall not get me! I won't let it! I'll fight!"

But it's pretty hard to fight when you're alone in the world, when you've been reared with the idea that you'll always have money, and suddenly there is none. When you can't get work, and a deadly weariness drags and drags at your limbs. Starr knew. She had tried—so long.

She had come away from the New England home town. No one should ever know how badly everything had really gone. Her chance to make her way alone would, she was sure, be better in New York, where no one knew her, where she could really get out and fight. It hadn't worked that way. There was no work there. No hope.

It was a strange whim which finally had sent Starr Ellison that morning to the New York specialist who knew nothing about her, who was going to be nothing of her history. It was well, he had argued, to see another doctor.

And so he had looked at her, surrounded her here and there, did all the usual things, said a lot of the usual things, some of which she scarcely comprehended. But that one sentence of his had registered indelibly:

"You might as well know the worst. You won't live another six months."

Subconsciously she had been waiting for just that.

The curse of Tut-Amén-Ha had caught up with her.

Somebody was gently shaking her by the arm. Starr knew she realized that she was still staring like one hypnotized at the bar-tender on the vase which was a laughing-stock like the mummy face of Am-Sun.

Even before she glanced up to see who was disturbing her, she was in a flash that no longer would she be afraid of things Egypt. She had stared them down, they and their curses. They knew now she was not afraid. She would see it through gallantly.

Her upturned gaze showed a uniform man who was smiling down at her.

"Get to close up now, Miss," he said. "Heckon you'll have to come out of Egypt."

Starr leaped to her feet. "Oh, I'm so sorry! I hadn't realized—I didn't know—"

STOPPED IN A MINUTE... **STARR** **STOPPED IN A MINUTE...**

STARR STOPPED IN A MINUTE... STARR STOPPED IN A MINUTE...

STARR STOPPED IN A MINUTE... STARR STOPPED IN A MINUTE...

STARR STOPPED IN A MINUTE... STARR STOPPED IN A MINUTE...

The attendant laughed indignantly. "That's all right, Miss. We've used to that. Lots of folks come in here and get clean wrapped up in thinking they're Cheoptra or somebody, and we got to rouse 'em up. It's a right interesting place, Egypt, ain't it?"

Starr smiled at him mechanically, but she did not answer his question as she moved away, nodding her head. If he only knew! If he only knew!

CHAPTER IV.

Never again would Starr Ellison be afraid of Egypt or the religious things of the ancient Pharaohs. She might resist, might refuse placidly to accept the doom of their curse upon her father's house and upon herself, but during that hour spent in the Museum she had flung her defiance to their gods and priestesses, and would go out to meet them with head held high. The damage was done now. They could do no more.

Walking through the Palace in the dusk of the dying day, the thought of poetic justice was in her mind. For the first time since that horrible trip to the land of the Pharaohs she glowed in the thought of her own physical beauty that resembled that of their priestesses. If the time ever came, she meant to turn that to account.

She laughed. With no touch of merriment in the silver ripple of the time ever came! And her with six months to live!

Tired after her day's exertions and the strong emotions she had felt in the Metropolitan, Starr sank down on a bench shaded by some clustered trees. She did not know. Only when she came to herself with a start, the light of the electric lights flickered along the driveways and beyond were the tall buildings with their tops hidden by night mists and clouds, she was in the city's jeweled lights. From over the minarets of the tall buildings south of the Park her father's house came to her, a sky above a modern city, but it must have been just such a moon as had given birth to Isis. The limbs of the trees from which the leaves had already fallen stood out against the sky as if carved of ebony. The Park was a place of purple shadows.

The muted notes of a low-voiced automobile siren sounded eerily like the plaintive notes of a reed pipe creeping up from an Egyptian river, and the rumble of the El in the distance was like the distant throb of a darabukkeh. The walls of the high buildings beyond the Park walls, framed in the twinkling lights, were dazzlingly white—white as the walls of houses she remembered all about against the sands of the desert. Starr knew she could imagine giant bougainvilleas trailing down their immense heights.

Main Starr Ellison laughed and marched straight for the Park entrance. This Egyptian business was getting to be an obsession with her. It was a different kind of a woman's private menace. She was seeing Egypt everywhere.

Starr knew she was told herself firmly. "You're getting light-headed, that's what. You, who just a little while ago were having mental hysterics against a steak in a case window."

Plainly enough food was indicated, but where should she go? She had quite forgotten, in the stress of other thoughts, the night of the man who had driven her to the refuge of the Museum. Just as well. She was seeing him again, of course. But there still was the yearning for life that would not be denied as she swung out of the Park and headed down the first street she saw. Her mind was made up. For once she meant to go some place where there was music—life!—and for just a little while.

Where was a question, but surely she had enough to pay for one peep into the life of what was going on in New York this night and every night. The slim collection of folded bills might be sufficient afterward, but what did it matter? There was not enough to pay Mrs. Maloney, anyway. She had to go somewhere.

Starr knew she had just alighted like she had never to the La Luna cafe. She had never heard of it; it did not appear to be a hundred or more other such night life spots in the city. In fact in all her life all she had ever known of an night life was that she had just briefly glimpsed in Egypt. Perhaps what determined her choice was the tall woman who wore a turban.

It was early and there was no sign of that turbulent joy of which she had heard when a waiter let her in a side table where she sat in state on a red-morocco-covered bench. There were a few people at the tables, none of them eating, but all with drinks before them.

A gaily uniformed orchestra was playing sporadically, and couples danced about the small floor. But as Starr sat alone, buying her cocktail, all her ardor at buying a bit of life for herself was going for an indifferent cocktail or so. And she wasn't getting a thrill at all.

She sighed. "Well, it was all of a piece. You could force Fate, Fate or another. With less than five dollars you couldn't even get into a conversation with a man. You could live for six months to live, and if this sort of thing was the life, the best you could say for it was that it was synthetic."

Desperately she was trying to make up her mind that she would leave this place, hunt up some other racketeer, and live. If she could find such a place—she might be living life in the raw, but at least, one has to try to live it.

Anything, anything! would be better than this remembering—

The door opened, bringing in a blast of sharpened night air and the wisp of fog that was beginning to gather, refuting the gorgeous day's promise of beautiful weather. It must be starting to rain, too, for the man who came in was shaking drops from his hat as he handed it to a black girl, glancing around at the place as though he knew it, but with a shrug of resignation which spoke of any port in a storm.

Then Starr saw his face as he started across the floor toward the bar. It was the face of a man who later, and the surprised smile turned into a grin. How was Starr to know the quick thought that was in his mind on Michael Fairbanks's face? It looked as if he were glad to see her—and alone—in quite such a place as La Luna. Fairbanks had not entered in such blase indifference of the reputation of the place as had Starr Ellison. In his mind he was not an unpleasant surprise.

Quickly he crossed the room, stood looking down at her a moment.

"We've met before," he remarked lightly, as she remembered he spoke. She nodded, and glanced up at him shyly. This time she was determined not to run away.

"This is the third time," she said, and smiled, her unbelievably long lashes lowering over her unbelievably long grin, which might have been construed as a challenge.

"Right!" he said. "Three times and you're still here. How is it that it started to rain when I was passing this—ah—er—dumpy—and not here?"

Don't GAMBLE with MUSTARD!

The cost of the mustard in any recipe is so small, why take chances by using anything but the best? When you use KEEN'S D.S.F. MUSTARD YOU KNOW you are getting ALL pure mustard—full of flavour and zest.

Made from seed grown in the fens of England. Shells or hulls are removed and only the inner part of the seed is used. Superfine grinding brings out the full mustard flavour.

In original tins for as little as 10¢

KEEN'S D.S.F. Mustard
COLMAN-KEEN (CANADA) LIMITED
1000 Avenue Street, Montreal, P.Q.

Upper Floors of New York Skyscraper—Continued

As almost everyone knows, the Empire State Building is untenanted above the 40th floor, except for the Radio City office on the 41st floor and the N.B.C. television laboratories on the 45th floor. On each of the untenanted floors, most of which are bare and without partitions, twenty-four 60-watt bulbs are kept burning at night as long as the office is lighted. The idea is to keep the tower from looking as if it were just floating. What with the first rays of the sun being fairly well lighted, the cleaning women and related office workers, the whole effect from outside is imposing and probably worth the expense.

Incidentally, if this somebody-wanted-an-office should want one above the 40th floor, the smallest amount of space the management would rent him would be four floors. As things are now, the express elevators marked "14-40," "67," and so on aren't in use, and it wouldn't be financially worth while to operate them unless they were to serve at least four floors. At the moment, nobody seems to want four floors.

Once they night watchmen stomp downstairs through the de-stumped from the 46th floor to the 40th, punching time clocks. The only thing they have ever found out is that the ordinary was a party of three small boys trying to sneak up to the observation tower. Now and again, in stormy weather, hawks and pigeons fly against the lighted windows and fasten on the outside of the building. Nothing else has ever happened there.—The New Yorker.

a cab in sight. . . . May I sit down?"

Starr moved over, saying nothing, but feeling the two bright spots of color that must be brightening her cheeks. The man said:

"Maybe they're right when they say there's Fate in the lives of men and women."

Starr nodded. "Three Fates. You can't pick and choose."

The man glanced at her out of the corner of his eye as he held up a hand for a waiter, gave his order—and one for a replenishment of Starr's glass. There was quizzical surprise in his eyes.

"Starry-eyed," he remarked. "You hardly expect it, here. They're laughing. 'But I'd forgotten you get pretty mad today when I make a little crack about Egypt.' Know for all the gods as well as the Fates?"

"La ila ila Allah!" said Starr softly. How could she ever have sworn to forget everything Egyptian—the Arabs, their sayings, their Allah, ah?

The man's eyes widened and he stared at her.

(To Be Continued)

Space For Rent
Upper Floors of New York Skyscraper—Continued

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Find Plane Wreckage
Year Old Mystery Is Solved In Wordless Story

A pile of charred bones under a broken airplane told a wordless story of the fate of Pilot Arthur P. Hines and his plane, which crashed in the desert near the town of Dawson, Y.T., a year ago for a 500-mile flight to Fairbanks.

High on the side of a barren 5,000-foot mountain, 175 miles east of Fairbanks, a prospector found the tragic solution of the 12-month-old mystery, and flew to Fairbanks with the news.

John Hajdukovich, the prospector, said the plane evidently crashed into the mountain and burned.

Hines' passengers were Mr. and Mrs. John Linn, Fairbanks newspaper men and Alon Nordmark, a court clerk.

Same Old Trouble
Abraham Lincoln was one day walking along the sidewalk in Springfield, leading two of his sons.

At the top of their voices. A friend asked Mr. Lincoln what was the matter. He promptly replied, "Just what the matter with the whole world. I have three nuts and each boy wants two."—Christian Science Monitor.

Revised Version
Mary had a little mole, it followed her to school. The teacher, like a fool, went up behind the mole, and hit him with a ruler. There wasn't any school.

Wooden tableware is used by polar explorers. Metal cutlery would stick to their lips in the sub-zero temperatures.

About seven gallons of water are required by a cow that gives 20 pounds of milk daily. 2164

OF COURSE, YOU LIKE YOUR BISCUITS FRESH

That's why you'll particularly enjoy Christie's Biscuits, a biscuit that attaches to your palate. Biscuits are famous for their maintained purity and freshness.

christie's Biscuits
"There's a Christie Biscuit for every taste"

Girl Making Long Trip
Going To England From South Africa On Motor-Cycle

A London girl typist, who has been in South Africa for 2½ years, Miss H. Engel, is making an early start to see the coronation of King Edward VIII.

Accompanied by F. Budd, a mechanic and watchmaker of Durban, she left Durban recently in a motorcycle and sidcar to ride to London.

They are making their way right through Africa to Cairo, and even before they reached the Mediterranean they had had some setbacks. A broken piston kept them in the Orange Free State for ten days, and later the sidcar chassis was damaged, delaying them another four days. Later on they risk meeting lions.

From Cairo they will make their way through Asia Minor to Constantinople, whence their route is by way of Sofia, Belgrade, Zagreb, Vienna, Milan, Switzerland and France to the English Channel.

This will be the first time that Mr. Budd has left his native Durban.

Has A Hard Time
Preacher Is Criticized No Matter How He Does

A preacher has a hard time. If his hair is white he is too old. If he is a young man he hasn't had any experience.

If he has ten children, he has too many. If he has none, he should have some. If he is a school teacher, he is an awful failure. If he is a pastor, he is a failure.

If a preacher reads his notes he is a bore. If he speaks extemporaneously he isn't deep enough. If he stays home to study, he isn't mixing with the people. If he is seen around on the streets, he is caught to be home getting up a good sermon.

If he calls at the home of the poor he is playing to the grandstand. If he calls at the home of the rich, he is an aristocrat.

Whatever he does someone could tell him how to do it better. Next to being an editor or a school teacher, it is an awful life—Strathroy Age-Dispatch.

Has Had Great Success
Polish Peasant Uses Certain Chemicals To Produce Rain

The claim that he can cause rain to fall at will is made by a peasant at the Polish village of Grutskow. Every demonstration of his method has so far proved successful.

Peasant, Wladyslaw Skierszys, uses certain chemical substances for his tests. At one demonstration in the presence of newspaper correspondents he produced a number of bolts of lightning and the substance.

He unhooked them and poured the contents on the ground. A few hours later clouds appeared and heavy rain fell over a considerable area.

Inventor refuses to disclose the nature of his mysterious chemicals. But he declares he is willing to repeat his experiments at any time in the presence of meteorological experts.

The purchaser of an old violin found it in paper money hidden inside the instrument. Those hundreds of notes anyone would be glad to get out of a violin.

Little Helps For This Week

Wherefore putting away lying, speak every man truth with his neighbor, for we are members one of another. Ephesians 4:25.

In conversation be sincere. Keep conscience as the moudie-clear; Think how All-seeing God surveys; And all thy secret thoughts survey.

The essence of lying is in deception, not in words. A lie may be told by silence, by the accent on a syllable, by a glance that attaches a peculiar significance to a sentence, and all these kinds of lies are worse and more base by many degrees than a lie plainly worded. No form of blinded conscience is so far sunk as this, that a person can feel that having deceived because the deception was a gesture or silence instead of utterance. He that is in the habit of going deceptive in trifles will try in vain to be true in matters of importance, for truth is a thing of habit rather than will. You will not in any case by any sudden and single effort, will to be true if the habit of your life has been insincerity.

Not All Superstition
India Has Good Reason To Rejoice Cow As Sacred

If the cow is a sacred animal in India, it is for a reason more profound than popular superstition. What is sometimes superficially regarded as a silly old fancy, the masses have found on examination to hold deep truths. The legend of the cow belongs to the oldest. People in Ceylon who have neglected the culture of the cow were eternally reminded of their remembrance during the malaria epidemic. The disease took a severe toll because the masses lacked the stamina to resist malaria. They were deficient in the properties which milk foods in particular provide. No wonder the Hindus hold the cow in veneration as the "mother of the people." By milk and other products she sustains the consumer in a way in which no substitute can. —Times of Ceylon, Colombo.

New For Russia
Newspapers Are Now Carrying Advertising, Which Means Prosperity

Something new in Russian newspapers. In advertisements. Two of the six pages of those Russian papers are now given up to advertising. Things to let, to wear, to improve the complexion. That is good for Russia. Advertising means prosperity. It means that people are asking money from life with the prospect of getting more. Once the Russians wondered if they would eat, now they are beginning to ask if they will eat. —London Sunday Express.

Latest statistics show the existence in Canada of 600 farmers' cooperative associations, actively engaged in business with 2,532 branch establishments, and a shareholder membership of 345,000.

Editor of the Brandon Sun boasts how well he did with his vegetable garden this year. He had it for dinner one Sunday.

The best buy in cigarette tobaccos
Buckingham
FINE CUT

THE CARBON CHRONICLE

Issued Every Thursday at
CARBON, ALBERTA

Member Alberta Division Canadian
Weekly Newspapers Association
EDOUARD J. ROULEAU,
Editor and Publisher

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DRUMHELLER PHONE: 666

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SERVICE

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and at the same time have all the
modern conveniences.

FARES Single Ret.
Carbon to Drumheller \$1.20 / \$2.20
Carbon to Calgary \$2.15 / \$3.20

TRAVEL BY B.U.S. AT LOW RATES

RED BUS LINES

HEAD OFFICE: DRUMHELLER

THEATRE

THURSDAY, AUGUST 27

Miriam Hopkins, Edward Robinson

— IN —

"BARBARY COAST"

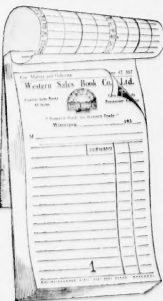
THURSDAY, SEPT. 3

"NO RANSOM"

LOUIS vs SCHEMELING FIGHT
PICTURES

FOR SATISFACTORY
DRAYING
AND REASONABLE
PRICES, PHONE
JAS. SMITH

S. N. WRIGHT
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
B. F. TORRANCE, Clerk. PHONE: 9

Counter
Check
Books

ASK FOR PRICES

THE CARBON CHRONICLE

TOWN & COUNTRY
Personalographs

Mr. and Mrs. S.F. Torrance and
Marion spent the week end at Banff
and returned to Carbon on Monday.

Mr. Jas. Flaws and Mrs. C. Oliph-
ant motored to Calgary last Wednes-
day and brought home Mrs. S. Poon
who recently underwent an operation.

Last Wednesday afternoon the Uni-
of Church Sunday school held their
annual picnic at the river.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Nash motored
to Calgary last Friday.

Quarantine on the Sandy Reid re-
sidence has been lifted and the family
is about again.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Sellens and Mr. and
Mrs. Jas. Smith returned on Saturday
from a holiday trip to Vancouver and
United States points.

Donnie Williamson is out of quar-
antine this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Rounds and fam-
ily of Drumheller were visitors at
the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. McCrady
on Sunday.

Mrs. C. E. Moorhouse returned on
Wednesday from an extended trip to
the Pacific Coast.

Mr. Barclay and son of Twinliffe
were Carbon visitors on Tuesday.

Dr. McFarlane is having his house
re-shingled.

Clarence Hay spent the week-end
with his family in Carbon and re-
turned to East Coulee on Sunday.

Lawrence and Wilfred Poxon, and
the Misses Alice Reed and Jessie Pat-
terson returned to Carbon on Monday
from a two weeks holiday spent in
Montana and British Columbia.

Harold Edwards of Drumheller
spent the week end at his home in
Carbon.

J. C. Spence returned to Carbon on
Tuesday and is relieving at the local
C.P.R. depot.

Miss Annabelle Ramsay arrived in
Carbon on Tuesday to spend a couple
of weeks holiday.

A. F. McKibbin motored to Calgary
on Wednesday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Williamson and
family left Wednesday morning on a
holiday trip.

Jacques Funeral
Home
CALGARY, ALTA.

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EMBALMERS

L. POKON, Agent CARBON

CHRIST CHURCH, CARBON

Services Will be Held as Follows—
1st and 3rd Sundays in month, 11 a.m.
2nd and 4th Sundays — 7.30 a.m.
1st Sunday in month by arrangement.

REV. S. EVANS in charge

Miss Ruth Ramsay returned to Ed-
monton on Friday after spending a
few days holiday at her home here.

Pay up your subscription to The
Carbon Chronicle now.

Bill Kapaniuk returned on Wednes-
day from the north country.

Dr. Dunbar left on Tuesday morn-
ing for Sexsmith, Alberta, where he
expects to locate a dental practice.

The weather has turned warmer
again and forecasts are for a continu-
ance of the warmth with rising tem-
peratures.

—A. Melville Anderson, Eyesight
Specialist of Calgary, will make his next
visit to Carbon at McKibbin's Drug
Store on Friday, August 28th, in the
morning only.

Order your Counter Check Books
from The Carbon Chronicle and keep
the latest at home. Sales Books at
standard in price all over Canada and
prices quoted are delivered with all
taxes paid. Call in and see our sam-
ples and ask for quotations.

"Pa, what is a matrimonial bureau?"
"It's a bureau, son, with six draw-
ers packed with women's things and
one man's necktie."

A quick decision in a dilemma isn't
always easy to make.

Two Canadians hunting moose were
having lunch in a clearing of the for-
est and left their guns against a tree
on the other side.

Suddenly a big bull moose charged
them, and while one climbed a tree,
the other dived into a hole in the
rocks.

The moose tried to reach the man
in the tree, who, however was out of
reach. The moose then turned and
charged the other, who had just
emerged from his hole, but who im-
mediately dived back.

"You fool!" cried the man in the
tree. "Why don't you stay in that
hole?"

"Oh, you don't know as much about
this hole as I do," replied the other.
"There's a bear in it!"

TESTED RECIPES

Baked Spareribs With Apples

Wipe fresh spareribs carefully with
a cloth which has been wrung out of
hot water. Arrange the meat in a
dripping pan and place in a hot oven
which has the temperature lowered
gradually. Baste with drippings occa-
sionally. When the meat is well
browned place apples, which have
been cored, in the pan with the
meat. Fill the cavity of each apple
with brown sugar and let bake un-
til soft. In serving, arrange the apples
as a border around the spareribs.

Southern Pot Roast

1 small pork shoulder
1 medium onion sliced
2 cups canned tomatoes
Salt and Pepper
2 tablespoons flour

Fry out the trimmings in a pan
suitable for the roast. Remove the
cracklings and all fat, leaving but
one tablespoon. Add flour. Brown
slowly. Add onion. Brown slightly,
then add tomatoes. Cook in a fire-
less cooker four hours.

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individuals as well
as loans for business purposes to
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advantage of these facilities for

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Carbon Branch: C. L. MacGREGOR, Manager

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CARD OF THANKS

Mr. and Mrs. Sandy Reid wish to
thank everyone who assisted in any
way during their recent spell of sick-
ness.

FALL
TRAVEL
BARGAINS
TO
PACIFIC
COAST
VANCOUVER—VICTORIA
and points Nelson, Golden and West
SEPT. 4 to 12

CHOICE OF TRAVEL
in COACHES, TOURIST
or STANDARD SLEEPERS

Fare slightly higher for Tourist or
Standard Sleepers in addition
to usual berth charges

RETURN LIMIT 21 DAYS

in addition to date of sale

STOPOVERS ALLOWED

at Banff, Nelson and West

For Fares, Train Service, etc.

Apply Ticket Agent

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Jack Tompkins, while taking cen- the old man's Red, the kid's Wet,
sus, asked a woman at the floor: the cow's Dry, and the cat's a phil-
"How many of a family in your lisher."—Baltimore Enterprise.
house?" "Five," snapped the answer.
"me, the old man, the kid, the cow and the cat."
Discovery of a glass-like mineral
of apple-green in Canada has inter-
ested museum officials and jewelry
manufacturers in New York State.
be asked. "Mixed. I am Social Credit"



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